

# POËMS,

BY  
HENRY GLAPTHORN.

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*Sustineamque Comam meiuentem frigora Myrtum,  
Atque ita sollicito multus Amante legar.*

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LONDON,  
Printed by Richard Bishop, for Daniel Pakeman; and  
are to be sold at his Shop, at the Rain-bow,  
near the Inner Temple Gate.

# POEMS.

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1632





TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE,  
FEROME, Earle of  
PORTLAND.

My Lord,



*Dedications, from some Writers are meere Customs; from others Complements; but from mee neither: my Muse being yet too young to be authorized by Custome, to intrude upon a Patron, (this being the earliest flight of her ambition:) and my Reason too old to suffer mee to be guilty of Complement to one so furnished with all Reality and Worth as is your Lordship.*

## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*My motive, Sir, to this audacious error is only the pretence of my respective dutie; and for that cause, will (I hope) merit an indulgent pardon. What you shall here find set down, were the Maiden-Studies of a Muse, which aspires to no other Fame than your allowance: nor can my selfe achieve a greater quiet to my soule, nor ayme a higher glorie, than to see my selfe by your free acceptance of this triviall Sacrifice rank'd amongst*

*The humblest honourers of*

*your Name and Family:*

**HENRY GLAPTHORNE.**



(1)



Vpon the Duke of York his  
Birth-night at Richmond.

To the PRINCE, and the rest of his  
MAIESTIES Children.

**B**lessings surround this Presence: To begin  
Our votes to You without a praier, were sin  
Gainst our religious loyalty: could our care  
And zeal transform our very souls to praier;  
'Twere a just tribute due to You, who are  
The best of Princes; each of You a Starre  
That gilds our Brittish Orb with rayes more bright  
Than was in Paradise the worlds first light.  
Hark! whence this suddain harmony! the Spheares  
Strive to divulge their duties; there appears  
A generall joy in Heav'n; this night has hurld,  
In stead of darknesse, gladnesse ore the world;  
Has calm'd the sea, on which the Tritons play,  
And Syrens sing; for joy; not to betray.  
But why this triumph? 'Twas because this night,  
Sweet Prince, Your Birth did beautifie the light;  
Adjudge a second Columnne to sustaine  
The glorious building of your Fathers raigne,

B

To

(1)

To be our second Hope, the cause that we  
Doe pay our voves to this Solemnitie,  
In wishes, which a Mother might besit,  
Or a full Lover in his zeal of wit.

*May all Your lives be one continued Routh,  
Attended on by health, mirth, beautie, truth.  
May you live free from dangers, nay from fears,  
And grow in graces as You do in years:  
Shoot up like infant-Cedars, straight and even,  
Till Your brave Heads aspire to neighbour Heaven;  
While wee, with a most humble flame inspir'd,  
Live to behold Your worth, and to admire't.*



Entertainment to the Prince Elector  
at Mr. Osbalston's.

**P**ROtect me my best Stars! A suddain fear  
Seizes my faculties; there's something here.  
Surely includes divinely now I see  
A power inferiour scarce to Majestie;  
Claimes my Prerogative; which, since to You;  
To Whom the place is consecrate by vow,  
I do resigne with freedom, blest Delight  
For this shall change her Tempe, and invite  
The jocund Graces hither, to erect  
Their Pallace here, Mirth being th' Architect:  
Favonian winds shall with as mild a breath  
As is expir'd by spotlesse babes in death,

Here



Here one continued summer still display,  
 Making this seem a new *Arabia*.  
 But whence assume I this Prophetick rage?  
 Rapt with whose sacred furie, I presage  
 This happy Omen? Tis your smiles inspire  
 (Gracious and Noble) with Ætheriall fire  
 My frosty soule (so as Promethian heat  
 Gave the cold clay warmth, masculine and great).  
 Thus for my selfe. The places Genius now  
 For your Inviter, who by me does vow  
 His heart your humble Sacrifice; since Heaven  
 Accepts a graine of Incense, that is given  
 With a true zeale, better than pounds of Gums,  
 Or Alters smoking with fat Hecatombs  
 From fain'd Devotion: He does hope Your eyes  
 Will dart a beame to fire his Sacrifice;  
 Whose quickning lustre, like the Sun may bring  
 Upon the place and him, a constant Spring.

B 2

To



To *Lucinda*, upon the first sight  
of her Beautie.

ENCountring her, I thought the morning Star  
Had left the *Nabatbeans*, till on her  
My wondring eyes with a more perfect sight  
Gazing, beheld, that *Venus* was but bright,  
Shee glorious. To venture to compare  
Her cheeks to Lillies, Sun-beams to her hair,  
Were to allow her mortall : far from me  
Be so much sin gainst beauties Deitie.  
Tell the wild Indian that with prostrate brest  
Adores the Sun-rise in the gorgeous East,  
His labour's lost; 'tis needlesse any more  
To fish for Pearle or Diamond on their shore :  
Nor Pearls, nor Diamonds, Rubies, or the rest  
Of Metaphors, by which are oft exprest  
Our common beauties, nere can hope to be  
Grae'd, by being us'd as an Hyperbolie  
In her delineation. 'Twas the light  
Of her bright eyes depriv'd mine of the sight  
They once enjoy'd: those fools who sought to make  
A Star of *Beronicas* haire, might take  
Hers for a Planet, fix it, and ne're fear  
To dazzle *Phoebus* lustre in the sphear.

*Lucinda*





### *Lucinda describ'd.*

**T** Here's not an eye that views *Lucinda's* face,  
But wondring at the perfect grace  
That does within that modell rest,  
Esteems her most transcendently above  
The power of Fancie, Art, or Love,  
Truly to be exprest.

To say each golden tresse that does adorne  
Her glorious Forehead might bee worne  
By *Iuno*. or by beauties *Queene*,  
Were to prophane her sacred threds; for they  
Could not such precious Locks display  
On the *Idalian Greene*.

They are then gorgeous ornaments, and bee  
The upper branches of that tree  
Which easily does men intice,  
Beleeving it the tree of life, to say  
That they have found a ready way  
To th' long lost Paradise.

Her Iv'rie Forehead curious Nature hath  
Created for the milkie path;

By which the covetous gazers seek  
To find a passage by her tempting eyes.  
Without their soules intire surprize  
To th' Apples in her cheek.



To *Lucinda*, upon the first sight  
of her Beautie.

ENCountring her, I thought the morning Star  
Had left the *Nabatheans*, till on her  
My wondring eyes with a more perfect sight  
Gazing, beheld, that *Venus* was but bright,  
Shee glorious. To venture to compare  
Her cheeks to Lillies, Sun-beams to her hair,  
Were to allow her mortall : far from me  
Be so much sin gainst beauties Deitie.  
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A Star of *Beronicæ* haire, might take  
Hers for a Planet, fix it, and ne're fear  
To dazzle *Phoebus* lustre in the sphear.

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 Her glorious Forehead might bee worne  
 By *Iuno* or by beauties *Queene*,  
 Were to prophane her sacred threds; for they  
 Could not such precious Locks display  
 On the *Italian Greene*.

They are then gorgeous ornaments, and bee  
 The upper branches of that tree  
 Which easily does men intice,  
 Beleeving it the tree of life, to say  
 That they have found a ready way  
 To th' long lost *Paradise*.

Her Iv'rie Forehead curious Nature hath  
 Created for the milkie path;  
 By which the covetous gazers seek  
 To find a passage by her tempting eyes.  
 Without their soules intire surprize  
 To th' Apples in her cheek.

(6)

Those suns of brightnesse which so farre out-shine  
Humanitie, that their divine

Lustre perswades us, 'tis no sin  
To think each as a Seraphin does stand  
To guard that blest forbidden Land,  
And the faire fruit within.

Of which her lips like swelling Grapes appeare,  
The sweetest children of the yeare,

In Natures crimson liv'rie drest,  
And by her balmie breath, to ripenesse brought:  
They smile, then blush, as if they sought  
Strait softly to be prest.

Then (as two full Pomegranates) lower growes  
Her breasts; such wonders sure as those

Will force nice mis-beliefe to know  
That miracles as yet unceas'd remaine,  
Since there doth flourish in each veine  
Violets on stalks of Snow.

But these (though true descriptions) are so farre  
Beneath her worth. I have a Warr

Within my pensive soule, to see  
So many wondrous rare Perfections dwell  
In one, yet find no Parallell  
In spacious Poetrie.

To





## To *Lucinda* departing.

O H! stay *Lucinda*, and let flie  
A thousand loves from thy bright eye,  
By which inspir'd I will expresse  
Thy beauties, my faire Shepherdesse.

Thy Cheek, loves Tempe, where does grow  
Warne Roses in soft beds of Snow.  
This wonder (Dearest) is to tell  
The world, th' art Beauties miracle.

The envious Panther, at thy breath,  
Excelling his, does sigh to death;  
And at the lustre of thine eye  
Stars wink, are buried in the Skie.

The amorous Thorne (that does intwine  
In pricklie armes the Eglantine,)  
When thou thy brightnesse dost display,  
Blossomes, and makes even Winter May.

The wanton Syrens that beguile  
With flatt'ring accents, at thy smile  
Chaunt layes as harmlesse as the Dove,  
Or Red-brest when she courts her Love.

But all these glories could not fire  
My frostie soule with big desire;  
The Cause that made *Lucinda* mine  
Could not be humane, shee's divine.



To *Lucinda* weeping.

**W**Eep not *Lucinda*, 'lesse you meane  
To purge the world from filth, as cleane  
As are your thoughts: too rich a prize  
For earth, is such a sacrifice.

Such tears as yours, suppose young May  
Does to the flowers each morning pay.  
Such tears must sure all eyes intice  
To think your eyes Loves Paradise.

Oh! they have emptied Natures Store,  
Made Snow, and emulous Chrystall poore?  
Your tears may justly claim pretence  
To be the balme of Innocence.

But least such Gemmes should be confin'd  
To earth; behold the amorous wind  
Catching them, fixes every one  
In heaven, a Constellation.

But since (my dearest) thou wilt weep,  
Thy tears for holier uses keep;  
When plagues upon the earth are hurld,  
Let fall one drop, 'twill save the world.





## To *Lucinda*. A New-years Gift.

**D**Raw that black vail, (my fair one) do not throw  
 Those eyes in silken mists, or in a cloud  
 Of waving Curle : be mercifull, appear  
 Like thy bright self, and bring the infant Year  
 Into the world ; old Time her Mother's run  
 Into so dull a Lethargie ; the Sun  
 Is frozen in his couch, and cannot rise  
 Til thaw'd by th' temperate vertue of thine eies,  
 Those soft and gentle Stars, whose pure and clear  
 Rayes, from the Chaos would have forc'd the year.  
 Up then, Illustrious Beautie, gild the day ;  
 Change Januarie into youthfull May.  
 See the cold earth does Winters liv'rie shift,  
 Offring the fresh Spring as your New-years Gift ;  
 While the pale Couflip does the Primrose call  
 To wait on You at this new Festivall,  
 Created by your beams : the Winds invite  
 The nimble winged messengers of light,  
 The early Lark, and chirping Thrush to tune  
 Their notes as chearfully, as when in June  
 They softly whisper to the azure skie  
 Of a clear day, a beauteous Augurie.  
 How triviall is a Poets force ! I can  
 Teach birds t' admire you, the rich Ocean  
 Tender its mines of Pearl, the Earth salute  
 Thee with its choicest metals, flowrs and fruit.

Impose a tribute on the Sun, force Stars  
 To adore you more than erring Mariners  
 Do them in Tempests. But when I impart  
 An offering on the Alter of my heart  
 To thy commanding Deity, I can pay  
 Nought but a wreath of Mirtle or of Bay,  
 A Poets humble sacrifice ; unlesse  
 My wishes (which realitie expresse,  
 Though unperform'd) may guiltlesly aspire  
 To die the Martyrs of your sacred fire.  
 May all the happinesse Heav'n can conferre  
 Be acted on your lives faire Theater :  
 May you be chaste as beautifull ; mischance  
 Never disturbe your peace, not in a trance :  
 May you live long, and healthfull : may no page  
 Of your lives volume, have a line for Age  
 To write his gasty name in ; but when Time  
 Growes old and sickly on you, and does clime  
 With eager feet, your hill of youth, may all  
 His steps be slip'rie , may he backward fall  
 Beyond his fates recoverie, till hee bring  
 Your fading minutes back into the spring  
 Of strength and beauty, til your cheek does wear  
 The same bright lustre that adorns this year.  
 Which I doe wish the power of gentle Fate  
 May to my Love and yours make fortunate.





To Sleep, upon *Lucinda*  
laid to rest.

**H**ence ugly Image of grim death; how dare  
Thy sawcie boldnesse venture on this faire  
Epitome of heaven? Dost think that shee  
Participates of fraile mortalitie  
In such a drowisie passion? (Foole) go stretch  
Thy remisse wings ore some poor aguish wretch,  
Some with red Hag, whom for her youths loose sin,  
Just Heaven has destin'd to be kept within  
The prison of her bed; from her be gone:  
The light can suffer no privation.  
Wert thou not stupid, deafe? didst thou not heare  
When shee enrich'd her pillow, how each Spheare  
Striv'd to expresse its durie, which should bee  
Prime Quirister, in whistling harmonic  
To th' Citizens in Heaven, who at that call  
Invited Saints to chant a Madrigall  
Devoted to her silent rest? The Ayre  
Grew clear and pleasing, every cloud so fayre;  
Heav'ns forehead wore no wrinkles, violent floods  
Kiss'd the smooth pebles, and the woods  
With their Inhabitants conjoynd in this,  
T afford her senses a sweet Extasis.  
Didst thou not see how every glorious Star,  
With their pale Mistris Moon, to wait on her,

Officiously contracted their dim light  
 To Tapers, that at opening of her sight  
 They might new gild their Rayes. The Indian which  
 Had nere been poor, had he not first been rich,  
 Dives for unvalued Pearle, and fears to rise  
 Till he can borrow lustre from her Eyes  
 To polish his dull Merchandize. Oh shee!  
 The Abstract of all which wild Poetrie  
 In its loose raptures taught, wherein her rest  
 Invites the Winds (as when the Phoenix nest  
 Is by their flavour fir'd) to mix their breaths  
 With hers, so precious, that (abortive Death's  
 First child) dull Sleep, like to the Nightman, must  
 By stealth injoy it: see the parched Dust  
 Turnes to *Assyrian* odors, and does skip.  
 Like an enamor'd Fairie to her Lip,  
 Where *Venus* Roses grow. Rest safe, my Sweet,  
 Till Sylvans wake, and till the Muses greet  
 Thee with their choicest harmonie; till night  
 Acknowledge all that it injoyes of light,  
 To thee the Queen of Splendor, whose bright Rayes  
 Renewes in mee the more than Halcion dayes  
 Love in its Primitive purenesse wore. Then rise,  
 And let mine draw new Influence from thine Eyes.

To





To *Lucinda*: inviting her from  
her Chamber.

(doom  
**W**Hat means this absence (fair One)? What sad  
Impose you on your self, that one poor Room  
Includes your glorious Beattie? Is the Ayre  
Lesse wholesome here, the Skie lesse clear, lesse fair?  
Or to enrich that, have you tane a pride,  
Meaning t' impov'rish all the Rooms beside?  
The little Birds that by the Window flie,  
Wanting your presence, straight fall down and die:  
And I, who easly could have fixt your Name  
A Planet in the Firmament of Fame;  
Who could have drest your head with Lightning, and  
Hung at each Hair, a Starrie Diamond;  
Who could have sent the cunning Boy to seek  
His last lost Arrow in your polish'd Cheek;  
Who could have rais'd a Mount upon your Lip,  
On which (like Fairies) all the Loves should trip,  
And added to your Breath such a perfume,  
As ever spending, never should consume:  
Who could have fetcht the Indies (both) to deck  
Thi well-form'd Iv'rie Pallace of your Neck;  
And like a cunning Painter, have exprest  
The Worlds perfections in your Globe-like Brest:  
Praising each Feature so, till every part  
Appear your Face, and Conquer'd every heart.

I for a wreath of Willow cast away  
 My flowry Chaplet of the greener Bay:  
 Dipping my Pen in tears, what ere it be  
 That I would write, it proves an Elegie.  
 You must expell this Sadnesse; You, whose light  
 Eclipses that pale Virgin of the Night,  
 The solitary Moon, whose every Ray  
 Transcends the clearest lustre of the Day:  
 You in whose eyes sit flames, which can beget  
 Themselves a living Spheer in every Wit:  
 You that are All Women can be, and more  
 Than Youth and Beauty ere disclos'd before:  
 Who doe resemble Heav'n so neer, You'd want  
 Onely the Name (not Nature) of a Saint.  
 You with a smile, can like the West-wind bring  
 An unexpected Summer on the Spring;  
 And with one Beame, or comfortable Glance  
 Ravish my soule into so high a trance,  
 That Your bright Head shall hit the Stars, and flie  
 To Heaven o' th' swift wings of my Poësie:  
 While I, with equall feare and hope possesse,  
 Tender my Heart your Sacrifice, and rest

Your Servant.

To





## To *Lucinda*. He being in Prison.

**R** Eceive these lines from your imprison'd Friend,  
 As the last Farewell which his hand must send  
 To greet your Eyes, from which mine borrow'd light  
 To guide my wandring Fancie to the sight  
 Of Mortals wonder, in your Essence: Love  
 First darted Raies from those bright Stars to move  
 Me to admire your Beautie: But agen  
 To make old Nature proud, as when my Pen  
 Flowd with mellifluous Epithites, to show  
 The glorious shape shee fully did bestow  
 On your unequal'd Frame. To say your haire  
 Are nets of Gold, whose Trammels might insnare  
 The King of gods; or that your Iv'rie breasts  
 Are Balls of Camphire, sweeter than the nests  
 Where the *Arabian* Phenix does desire  
 To burne her selfe; (as I have done, in fire  
 More precious than her Funerall flames) would add  
 New griefs, so powerfull as would force mee mad  
 (Were I of stronger temper). Since I've lost  
 Those rarities bought with the pricelesse Cost  
 Of my unvalued Libertie: which now  
 I must forgoe for ever; from the Vow  
 You made before the Hierarchie of Heaven  
 (Which now I summon witnesses how even  
 My Love has been) I free you; If you heare  
 That wilfully I perisht, one poor teare.

(I aske no more) shed, and my Soule, when Death  
 Has robd my carcasse of its loathed breath,  
 Shall pray, that you hereafter may possesse  
 A Friend that lov'd your Memorie no lesse  
 Than I, who spight of Fortune will be blest  
 That once I was term'd Yours; though now I rest  
 Forsaken. —



To *Lucinda*, revolted from him.

**T** Was I who made thee Beauteous before;  
 You might have sate regardlesse at your dore,  
 Or past the Streets (as other Women doe)  
 Without salutes, or being congee'd to:  
 When now each eye that sees thee, does admire  
 To view a mortall Creature to aspire  
 So neer the Heav'nly Essence: every tongue  
 (Since I set out thy Excellence among  
 Men of ingenuous Spirits) strives to raise  
 Thy Name beyond the name of Praise.  
 Nature did well (I must confesse) to frame  
 Thee of her choisest Matter; for the same  
 You stand indebted to her, and 'tis fit  
 You should acknowledge thankfulness for it.  
 The Orient Pearl new taken from the shell,  
 Though't be as precious in it self, to sell,  
 Cannot so fitting and commodious bee  
 As when 'tis polish'd by a Lapidarie.



The gliftring Diamond fhines not to the fight  
 Till by the Mill and Cutter 'tis made bright;  
 You had as much implicate Beautie (true)  
 As now you have, when firft I did you view;  
 But like a Diamond clouded ore with Drosse,  
 It gave fmall luftre, caufe unknown it was:  
 I polifh'd it by giving it a Name;  
 Beautie's regardleffe, till adorn'd by Fame.  
 But Oh the Faith of Women! Can there be  
 Evafions found for fuch Apoftacie  
 As is in you? What Penance can abridge  
 Such an Impietie, fuch dire Sacriledge  
 Gainft Love's imperiall Godhead, to refift,  
 Contemn his Orgies, which by me his Priest  
 He did enjoyn, by his own powerfull Name  
 You fhould obferve with a religious Flame?  
 And you had vow'd to do it, fwore that I  
 Should offer up to his great Deitie  
 Your heart; which Love himfelfe would not defpife  
 (But beg for fuch a welcome Sacrifice,  
 More precious than the fweet *Panchayan* Gumms,  
 The Phoenix-Pile, or fuming Hecatombs).  
 But as a vapour which the flatt'ring Sun  
 Attracts to th' pure Ayrs middle Region,  
 Under pretence to give a new Starre birth,  
 And throwes a fading Meteor to the Earth;  
 So fell your Heart from Love's unspotted Throne  
 By your intemp'rate violation  
 Of Vows to me; in which if you perfift,  
 Mercie will blot you from her candid Lift,  
 As a prodigious Monster, and firme Truth  
 Blush at a perjurie fo black in Youth,

So white as yours: at which the Rose-cheek'd Morn  
 Might once have borrow'd lustre, and unshorne  
 Apollo brightnesse: Oh! why should there rest  
 Such falshood, such unkindnesse in a Brest.  
 Whose superficiall figure does outgoe  
 In whitnesse Lillies, or untrodden Snow?  
 Ingratefull Woman! what unborne offence  
 Can give a specious Shadow, a Pretence  
 To thy unhallow'd falshood? what strange Cause  
 Thy suddain change, this alteration draws?  
 Perhaps now I have set thy Beaurie forth,  
 With all the Attributes expressing Worth,  
 That when I did but speak of thee, or write,  
 Fancie and Love daunc'd in each Epithite.  
 Some other Suito, who to please your eares,  
 Purchases Raptures, which his dull brain bears.  
 As Parrots what is taught them, who can speak:  
 But by tradition, has surpriz'd your weak  
 Imagination; and does proudly boast  
 In gaining that which me most labour cost.  
 Or else perhaps your over-curious eye  
 Has spy'd some new unknown deformitie  
 In me; or 't may be possible you think  
 (Which is most likely) that the Muses drink  
 Is quite exhausted; that my wearie Quill  
 Wants moisture to explain your Praises still,  
 In that full way, that over-liberall strain  
 My Genius us'd at first your Love to gain.  
 If this be it, I'll fill the *Daphnean* Quire  
 With a fresh Chaunter, snatch bright *Phæbus* Lyre  
 From his swift Fingers, and once more rehearse  
 Thy worth in such a strange mellifluous Verse,

That



That sweet *Propertius* shall his *Cynthia* tell  
 Thy Praises do her Lustre far excell;  
*Gabius* shall weep that his *Lycoris* name  
 Is now surpass'd by thy immortall Fame:  
 And (my great Master) *Ovid* shall confesse  
*Corynna's* shining Beautie to be lesse  
 Than thine; since he, for his *Corynna's* sake  
 Did only three Books of Loves choice Art make;  
 But I for thine will such Conceits devise,  
 That after no Invention shall arise.  
 Yeeld then, and let us ryot in the Sweets  
 That in Youth, Love, and glorious Beauty meets;  
 That all the gods may envie to behold  
 Us over-doe their Fables; *Dana's* Gold  
 Be counted Drosse, and *Lada's* Swan appear  
 Black as a Crow, when whiter Thou art there.  
 First shall my Lips with an unvalued Kisse  
 Suck from (those fragrant Mountainets of blisse)  
 Thy melting Lips, more sweetnesse than the Bees  
 Extra& from Roses, or *Hyblean* Trees,  
 When to the Ayr their tender wings they yeeld,  
 And with their mouths depopulate the field.  
 And then descending to thy Iv'rie Neck  
 My wandring Fancie shall my dull Lips check,  
 That they ore-slipt thy Cheek; thence they shall flye  
 With hot propension to thy flaming Eye;  
 Thence to that smooth, that polish'd plain of Snow,  
 On which thy Brests (those Hills of wonder) grow,  
 Where little Cupids daunce, and do contend  
 Which of them first shall venture to descend  
 To the *Elisian* Vallies, that doe lie  
 Twixt them and that rich Mine of puritie,

Thy slender Waste. What does remain below,  
 'Tis fit that none but you and I should know,  
 When like a vent'rous well resolved man  
 I sail through your unfathom'd Ocean  
 To Loves safe Harbour; I'm too modest (Sweet)  
 With wide expressions of our Loves to greet  
 Thy willing eares, since I for my part meane  
 In Action, not in Words to be obscene.



**V**Nclose those Eye-lids, and out-shine  
 The brightnesse of the breaking day;  
 The light they cover is divine,  
 Why should it fade so soone away?  
 Stars vanish so, and day appears,  
 The Sun's so drown'd i'th' morning's teares.

Oh! let not sadnesse cloud this Beautie,  
 Which if you lose you'll nere recover;  
 It is not Love's, but Sorrowes dutie  
 To die so soon for a dead Lover.  
 Banish, oh! banish grieve, and then  
 Our Joyes will bring our Hopes agen.

*Epithalamium*





## Epithalamium.

**T**He Joyes of Youth, and what the Spring  
Of Health, Strength, Happiness can bring,  
Wait upon this Noble paire.  
Lady, may you still be faire  
As earliest Light, and stil enjoy  
Beauty which Age cannot destroy.

May you bee fruitfull as the Day;  
Never Sigh but when you Pray;  
Know no Grief, but what may bee  
To temper your Felicitie.

And You my Lord, may truest Fame  
Still attend on your great Name.  
Live both of you espous'd to Peace,  
And with your years, let Love increase.

Goe late to Heav'n; but comming thither,  
Shine there, two glorious Starres together.

**D**

**Epithal.**



## Epithalamium.

**T**He holy Priest had joynd their Hands, and now  
 Night grew propitious to their bridall Vow;  
 Majestick *Tuno*, and young *Hymen* flies  
 To light their Pines at the fair Virgins eyes;  
 The little Graces amorously did skip  
 With the small *Cupids* from each Lip to Lip;  
*Venus* her self was present, and untide  
 Her Virgin zone, when loe on either side  
 Stood as her Hand-maids, Chastitie and Truth,  
 With that immaculate guider of her Youth,  
 Rose-colour'd Modestie; these did undresse  
 The beauteous Maid, who now in readinesse,  
 The nuptiall Tapers waving 'bout her Head,  
 Made poor her Garments and enrich'd her Bed.

While the fresh Bridegroom, like the lusty Spring,  
 Did to the holy Bride-bed with him bring  
 Attending maie Vertues; down he laid  
 His snowie Limbs by a far whiter Maid,  
 There Kisses link'd their Minds; as they imbrace,  
 A Quire of Angels flew about the place,  
 Singing all Blisse unto this Pair for ever,  
 May they in Love and Union still persever.

Vpon





## Upon a Gentleman playing on the Lute.

**S**Trange miracle! Who's this that wears  
The native Liv'rie of the Sphears;  
Transforming all our sense to Ears?

Surely it cannot bee a sin  
To think there is, or may have bin  
On earth a heavenly Seraphin.

That granted, certain 't must bee lye;  
In any else there cannot bee,  
Such a Coelestiall Harmonie.

When glorious He with swift pursute,  
Touch't the soft Cordage of his Lute,  
The Genius of the World was mute.

*Amphion* so his hand let fall,  
VVhen at th' enchantment of his call  
Stones danc'd to build the Theban VVall.

Arion

(24)

**Arion** sure, when he began  
To charme th' attentive Ocean,  
VVas but an Embleme of this Man,

VVhose numerous Fingers, whiter farre  
Than *Venus* Swans or *Ermines* are,  
VVag'd with the amorous strings a Warre;

But such a Warre as did invite  
The Sense of Hearing, and the Sight  
To riot in a full delight.

For as his Touch kept equall pace,  
His Looks did move with such a grace;  
We read his Musick in his Face.

Live Noble Youth, let Heav'n inspire  
Thee with its owne eternall Fire,  
While all that hear thee doe admire.

*Love*





## Love.

**L**ove's a Child, and ought to be  
 Won with smiles: his Deitie  
 Is cloath'd in *Panthers* skins which hide  
 Those parts which kill, if but espy'd;

Hates Wars, but such as mildly led  
 By *Venus* are to pleasures Bed;  
 There do soft imbraces fight,  
 Kisses combat with delight.

Amorous looks, and sighs discover  
 What befits a timorous Lover.

But who ere to *Love* doth yeeld,  
*Mars* his Spear, nor *Pallas* Shield

Can save from ruine; for *Loves* Fire  
 Once enkindled by desire,  
 Blown by thoughts impetuous blasts,  
 It for ever burning lasts.

The Sphear to which it strives to flie  
 Are humane hearts that seek to die;  
 These (like fuell) *Loves* fire cherish,  
 Till they to ashes burne and perish.

E To



## To a reviv'd Vacation Play, *Prologue.*

**I**T is a dead Vacation; yet we see  
 (Which glads our souls) a wel-set Company  
 Adorn our Benches: We did scarce expect  
 So full an Audience in this long neglect  
 Of Court and Citie Gentry, that transfer  
 In Terme their Visits to our Theater.  
 The Countrey Gentlemen come but to Town  
 For their own busnesse sake, to carry down  
 A sad *Sub-pæna*, or a fearfull Writ  
 For their poor Neighbour, not for love of Wit.  
 Their comely Madams too come up to see  
 New Fashions, or to buy some Raritie  
 For their young Son and Heir, and only stay  
 Till by their Sheepshearing they're call'd away.  
 The Courtiers too are absent, who had wont  
 To buy your Wares on trust, they're gone to hunt  
 The nimble Buck i'th' Countrey; and conceive,  
 They give you Int'rest, if you but receive  
 A haunch of Ven'son, or if they supplie  
 Your Wives trim Churching with a Red-Deer Pie.  
 Few Gentlemen are now in Town, but those  
 Who in your Books remain uncross'd for Clothes,  
 Who, when you aske them money, are so slack  
 To pay it; their answer is, What do you lack?

You



You are our daily and most constant Guests,  
 Whom neither Countrey businesse nor the Gests  
 Can ravish from the Citie; 'tis your care  
 To keep your Shops, 'lesse when to take the Ay,  
 You walke abroad, as you have done to day,  
 To bring your Wives and Daughters to a Play.  
 How fond are those men then that think it fit  
 T'arraigne the Citie of defect of Wit?  
 When we do know you love both wit & sport,  
 Especially when you've vacation fort.  
 And now we hope you've leisure in the Citie  
 To give the World cause to suspect you witty.  
 We would intreat you then put off awhile  
 That formall brow you wear when you beguile  
 Young Chapmen with bad Wares; pray do not look  
 On us, as on the Debtors in your Book,  
 With a shrewd countenance; what we act to day  
 Was for your sakes; (some think) a pretty Play;  
 Nay wee our selves almost presume it good  
 Because we hope it will be understood  
 By your capacious Brains, which know to get  
 Wealth, and for that cause we can't doubt your Wit;  
 At least we dare not, since wee'r bound to say  
 All those are witty come to see our Play.

E 2

For



For *Ezekiel Fen* at his first Acting  
a Mans Part.

P R O L O G V E.

Suppose a Merchant when he lanches forth  
An untry'd Vessell, doubtfull of its worth,  
Dare not adventure on that infant Peece  
The glorious fetching of a golden Fleece  
From the remot'st Indies. 'Tis so with mee,  
Whose Innocence and timorous Modestie  
Does blush at my own shadow, prone to feare.  
Each Wave a Billow that arises here;  
The Company's my Merchant, nor dare they  
Expose my weak frame on so rough a Sea,  
'Lesse you (their skilfull Pilots) please to steer  
By mild direction of your Eye and Ear  
Their new rigg'd Bark. This is their hopes and mine,  
Promise my selfe; if you like North-stars shine,  
I like a daring, and adventrous Man,  
Seeking new paths i'th' angry Ocean,  
In threatning Tempests, when the surges rise  
And give salt kisses to the neighb'ring Skies,  
When blustering *Boreas* with impetuous breath  
Gives the spread Sailes a wound to let in Death,  
Cracks the tall Mast, forcing the Ship (though loth)  
On its carv'd Prow to wear a Crown of froth;  
Will face all perils boldly, to attain  
Harbour in safety; then set forth againe.





## To Mr. *Charles Cotton*.

**Y**OU that are he, you that are onely he,  
 Who are what every noble Soule should be,  
 The Abstract of Mankind, who truely can  
 Contract Wits spacious Orb into a span;  
 Have stock enough of goodnesse to restore  
 VVhat erring Nature ever lost before.  
 'I is not the greatnesse of your Name or Blood  
 Makes mee adore you, 'tis because you'r good.  
 The Wits *Macenas* can without a storme  
 Of triviall words, even actuate and inform  
 With spritly soule that matter which would lie  
 Lost like a lumpe, without a memorie  
 Or life t'ingender Wit. Think there can bee  
 In mee (dear Sir) no seeds of Flatterie.  
 Rapt with an holy Zeal, I needs must sing  
 Your ample Worth; and when I rouch a string  
 Of my *Phæbeian* Lyre, chaste *Daphne* shall  
 Tender her Bayes to deck the Festivall:  
 Devoted to your merit, *Bacchus* then  
 Shall with his richest Nectar-swellling Pen  
 Indue me with such Wine, as I do think;  
 At least I wish, that you this night may drink;  
 Pure blood of the rich *Spanish* Grape which may  
 Make you immortall, and atchieve the Bay  
 Poets by drinking ayme at. May there bee  
 In your carouses, VVit and Companie

Fit for your dear enjoying; may the wealth  
 Of noble VVine enrich you with a Health  
 Great as my wishes; while forgotten I  
 By your Commands, banish'd that Company  
 I so admire, in my *Archaick* bed  
 Sigh like a Girle, whose precious Maidenhead  
 Is ravish'd from her; till your future view  
 Banish that pensive sadnesse, and renew  
 The happinesse of

*Your Servant.*



## To my Friend, Advice.

**I**N Natures Annals Mans's the perfect Story,  
 And you of man had been the perfect glory,  
 Had not the error of your giddie youth  
 Sold the Inheritance of that noble truth  
 Entaild on glorious manhood: you who are  
 In your desires so much irregular,  
 That your Ambition is to have your May,  
 Your flower of Youth spent in the fruitlesse play  
 Of gaining Female favours. In your blood  
 Live flames, (which felt) yet are not understood;  
 Continuall *Ætnaes* in your veines nere cease  
 To burne, yet doe by burning even increase.  
 What pleasure find you in a foolish Kisse,  
 Or wanton look, that you do place your blisse,

Your



Your minds Elifium in an amorous glance,  
 Or Priapeian night-work, such a trance,  
 A dreame, a nothing ? Can that be the summe  
 Of joy that you should aime at ; to become  
 For that an Idiot ; to enthrall your heart  
 To one whom nature made your weaker part,  
 Your household servant ; to adore her haire,  
 Make of her face an Idoll, which though faire,  
 Is but a painted Sepulchre within  
 Containing rotten ashes of black sin,  
 Reliques of foule corruption ! oh ! reclaim  
 Those fordid thoughts, and let a nobler aime  
 Be your minds Object, be the finall Cause  
 Of your youths Actions ; Let not Cupids Laws  
 Govern you wholly : For your female Creatures,  
 Inchanting Divels clad in humane features,  
 Earths needfull evils ; Women, they whose name  
 Divided, does most perfectly proclaime  
 Their bad Condition ; they, whose Beauty must  
 Be to men fire-brands to enkindle Lust ;  
 They are that sweet and undigested meat  
 That does consume all those that dare to eat  
 The too delicious Banquet ; Bels that sings  
 One tune at Weddings and at Buryings ;  
 Serpents whose cunning carriage can intice  
 Another *Adam* out of Paradise.  
 They'r all extremely good, or fraught with evils :  
 If good, best Saints ; if bad, the worst of Divels.  
 Pardon mee (sacred Woman-hood) that I  
 Who've rais'd your Beautie to a Deitie,  
 Who know you good and vertuous, that you can  
 Excell in worth as well as feature, Man ;

That

That I should for the love I bear this Youth,  
 Injure the innocence of your matchlesse truth:  
 'Tis to reclaim his follies: Let him see  
 How bad the worst of your frail Sexe can bee.  
 Ile expiate this crime hereafter, pay  
 To your chaste thoughts my own yet Virgin Bay;  
 How much am I your friend then, that dare chuse  
 To hazzard the fresh honour of my Muse  
 For your dear sake; that with one loving breath  
 Giving you life, betray my selfe to death?  
 But this is friendships dutie, and I must  
 Rather to you than to my selfe be just.  
 Oh! Noble Youth, when you with judgment shall  
 Read all the Texts not held Canonically  
 In womens Legends, when you shall behold  
 In Times successive Volume, what's inrol'd  
 Concerning them, how many leaves are spent  
 Upon their Lives, and each a Monument  
 Speaking the mischiefs that of old did rise  
 From the intemperate glances of their eyes:  
 And when Times Herald Fame shall usher in  
 Those whom Antiquitie brands for that sin:  
 Bring *Helen* forth and the lascivious Boy  
 Wrapt in the flames (themselves did cause) of *Troy*:  
 When faire incestuous *Myrrha* you shall see  
 Groaning within the entrails of a Tree;  
 View wanton *Lais*, who so oft did sell  
 Her beauteous youth, a horrid Fiend in Hell;  
 Or *Tyrian Dido* with big rage posselt,  
 Opening the white doores of her Love-sick brest  
 To let in wilfull death; Or when you shall  
 Read modern Stories more Authentically

Then



Then Poetry has taught: You shall survey  
 Those Monsters, *Nero* and *Caligula*,  
 Naked and trembling; then with guilty feare  
 Infatiate *Messalina* shall appeare;  
 Then the two Queens of Naples, who in Name  
 Were parallels as well as in their fame,  
 Whose appetites could never be withstood (blood.  
 Till their owne bloods quench'd their owne heate of  
 When you have seen these, turn your eyes and look  
 On that fair paper, that unspotted Book,  
 Where happier Stories flourish: and behold  
 Inscrib'd in Characters of purest Gold  
 Those glorious Names that Fame records to bee  
 Th' immaculate Champions of blest Chastitie;  
 Selfe-murdred *Lucrece*, 'twill a Saint expresse,  
 And damne foule *Tarquin* for's lasciviousnesse:  
 Chast *Arethusa* there displayes her Beams,  
 That shine, though drown'd in lustful *Alpheys* streams.  
*Daphne*, that *Phæbus* hot pursuit did shun,  
 Looks brighter now than the lascivious Sun.  
 But vain are all examples; since even we  
 By Reasons Mistris, wise Philosophie,  
 In Ethicks are instructed that we must  
 Think each thing wicked which we know unjust:  
 And what more dire injustice can there be  
 Than to our selves a want of Charitie?  
 But I'm too serious now, and must excuse  
 The over-bold instructions of my Muse:  
 I know dear friend, you'r so maturely wise,  
 You can see vice, though cloth'd in the disguise  
 Of vertue; and 'tis needlesse then to preach  
 Doctrine to you, who abler are to teach

Than be instructed: but my Pen does move  
 Only by true directions of my love,  
 From which if you receive the least offence,  
 I must appeale to th' Court of Innocence  
 From your harsh Censure; since what I have said  
 Was not to chide you, Friend, but to perswade.



**V**irtues reward is Honour, and though you  
 Wear no more Titles than descend as due  
 From your brave Ancestors, yet to your Blood  
 'Tis an addition (Sir) to be thought good.  
 You, whose demeanor bears that equall port,  
 You've won the love, not envie of the Court;  
 That can observe the forme and Laws of State,  
 Gaining mens emulation, not their hate;  
 That with a noble temper can decide  
 The difference 'twixt formalitie and pride,  
 That your indifferent actions are as far  
 From b'ing too common, as too singular,  
 So that with glorious freedome you direct  
 Your Will to what it ought most to affect.  
 You in whose Nature (as two Suns) arise  
 The Attributes of Bountefull and Wise.  
 You that are Valiant, (as Fames eldest Child  
 Honour) yet teach even Valour to be mild.  
 You that (in brief) with certain judgment can  
 Be perfect Courtier, yet be perfect Man.  
 'Tis no Poetick flattery that does raise  
 My eager Muse up to this height of Praise.



Big with an holy and Prophetick rage,  
 In Fames great Book, I in an ample Page  
 W'il fix the Annals of your Worth, which shall  
 When other Names are held Apocryphall,  
 In that eternall Volume be annext  
 A faire Appendix to that glorious Text.  
 But now (Great Sir) 'tis time that I excuse  
 The too audacious errors of my Muse,  
 And by my humble wishes strive to win  
 A full remission for its daring sin.  
 May you enjoy what ever Strength and Health  
 Can yeeld of pleasure; or unbounded Wealth  
 Can without riot purchase: may you bee  
 As free from others envie, as y' are free  
 From its desert: and may you (which long since  
 You had) grow great i'th' favour of your Prince.  
 May not mischance invade your soules blest peace;  
 But may it even as it consumes, increase.  
 And when decrepid age shall slowly creep  
 Over your Youth, and to eternall Sleep  
 Confine your eye-lids, may you then expire  
 Blest as a Martyr that does Court the Fire!

Poets are Prophets Sir, and things indeed  
 Happen, when they but wish they may succeed.

Vpon



Vpon the right Honourable  
RICHARD Earle of Portland,

*late Lord High Treasurer*

OF ENGLAND.

*ELEGIE.*

**H**ow dul's my Faith! I would puffe my belief  
That there could be room left on earth for grief,  
Did not the Worlds great Genius seem to powre  
Its very eyes out in a plenteous showre,  
As if it meant its moisture should create  
Another Deluge, spight of pow'rfull Fate.  
The Stars are mournfull grown, and do conspire  
With unaccustom'd tears to quench their fire.  
The Sun himselfe looks heaue, and puts on  
(In spight of Light) a sad privation, (breath  
Since Noble PORTLAND's fall, whose glorious  
Was too too precious to bee stolne by Death.  
Grim Tyrant hold thy hand, if thou 'lt imploy  
Thy unresisted Shafts, let them destroy  
Only those petty subjects, whom their Fate  
Never produc'd for Pillars of the State;

The



The Kingdome well may spare them, and their losse  
 Would rather be a blessing than a crosse.  
 There's multitudes that only seek to bee:  
 The ends, not raisers of their Familie,  
 To whom thy Darts (their Patrimony spent)  
 Would be most welcome Cures of discontent.  
 Ambitious Furie! 'Tis thy only aime  
 To vanquish those same true born sons of Fame  
 That rise by noble merit; such was hee  
 To whom my Muse does pay this *Elegie*.  
 He who though plac'd in Honors highest seat,  
 Striv'd rather to be counted Good than Great.  
 Into whose Essence (all conceiv'd) that State  
 Did its own soule even transubstantiate:  
 Such were his Counsels, so supremely wise,  
 They alwaies conquerd where they did advise.  
 His Judgement too so strong, and so mature,  
 What ere it promis'd, seem'd to be secure:  
 Yet 'twas with such a moderation mixt,  
 That as on Law, so 'twas on Conscience fixt.  
 All's actions were so even, they nere did force  
 The great mans Envie, nor the poor mans Curse.  
 Such was his Life, so temperate and just,  
 It nere knew Malice, nor commerc'd with Lust.

What suddain trance surrounds me? what extreme  
 Passion confines my senses to a Dreame?  
 I feele a lazie humour slowly creep  
 Over my Fancie, charming it to sleep,  
 Or rather, that (entranc'd) it might supply  
 Great *PORTLAND*'s Herse with a fit *Elegie*.  
 Now a Poetick furie brings mee on  
 To mount to Fames eternall Mansion,

Where upon Marble Seats I did behold  
 Those glorious Worthies so renound of old  
 For prudent Counsels, who were held the health,  
 The very life and soule o'th' Common-wealth.  
 There the mellifluous *Cicero* did shine  
 Bright with the spoiles of vanquish'd *Cataline*;  
 And as his Motto, ore his Throne there hung,  
*Arms yeeld to Arts; let Swords give place to th' Tongue.*  
 There *Roman Fabius* fate, who wrought the fall  
 (By his delays) of Panick *Hannibal*.  
 'Mongst other forraigne Statesmen, there appears  
 Those of our Nation, who for many years  
 Did in ambiguous Fortunes frown and smile,  
 Uphold the Fate and Glory of this Isle.  
 There that great Marshall *Pembroke* did sustaine  
 The reeling Pillars of third *Henries* Raigne,  
 And of this our *English* heaven advance  
 Himselfe the *Atlas* gainst invading *France*.  
 (After a numerous Companie) in his Pall,  
 And other holy Robes, Fame did install  
 Illustrious *Morton*, that compos'd the Jarre  
 Betwixt the House of *York* and *Lancaster*.  
 There *Sackvile*, *Cecill*, *Egerton*, were plac'd,  
 On whom as I stood gazing, Fame in hast  
 Approaching, did command them to prepare  
 For *PORTLAND*'s welcome to that Theater  
 Of ever-living Honour; and to mee,  
 Goe sing (quoth shee) this Worthies *Elegie*.  
 Straight (as the Muses Priest) I did obey,  
 And gan to touch my Instrument, when they  
 Leaving their Thrones, with an unanimous voice  
 Welcom'd the Sage Lord, and did give him choice  
 Which



Which Seat he would accept; but modest hee,  
 Repaid their Courtesie with Courtesie,  
 Till Fame her selfe installd him, and did give  
 His merit this Inscription, which shall live,  
 As his great Name, unrav'd: *Here PORTLAND lies,*  
*That was as truly Iust as hee was wise;*  
*Cautious, yet full of Councell; Mild, yet free*  
*From seeking idle Popularitie;*  
*To Good men gentle, to the Bad severe;*  
*Lov'd Vertue for its selfe, and not for Feare.*

This Fame inscrib'd, and this shall deck his Herse,  
 While there is Time, or memorie of Verse.

On

On Sir Robert Ayton, late Secretarie  
to her *Majestie*.

E L E G I E.

**T**Eares are all Great mens Obsequies, when they  
Break from the glorious prison of their Clay;  
A thousand fluent eyes their losses mourns,  
As if they meant to drowne them in their Urnes.  
If then this sorrow customarie bee,  
How many eyes should bee wept out for thee?  
Admired *Ayton*! every mournfull breath  
Lamenting thine should sigh it self to death,  
As proud to wait on thy pure Soul, which fled  
To heaven so swiftly; none did think thee dead,  
Till the loud Bell (Deaths Trumpet) did proclaime  
Thy flight to immortalitie; then Fame  
Herselfe put on Griefs Liverie, and sung  
Thy weighty losse, till shee had lost her tongue  
In that sad use, as if shee meant to have  
A Tombe for all her Storie in thy Grave.  
Thou, who when living, Truths example stood,  
To teach Great men how to be Great & Good;  
Nay, to be Wise and Learnd, to act each part  
Of their Lives Scene, with Vertue and with Art,  
Which thou mad'st Vertues Hand-maid, and with skil  
Manag'd thy Greatnesse, without Greatnesse ill.

But



But Sorrow does distract me, and my Zeal  
 Of Grief for thee does (with the practise) steal  
 Away my Muses Faculties, and now  
 Deaths Embleme (*Cypresse*) hangs upon my Brow  
 Heavie as thy cold Marble; else ere this,  
 My pregnant Muse, big with an Extasis  
 Of Wonder, had endeavour'd to set forth  
 The unexpressive glorie of thy Worth:  
 It had displaid thy Learning, which was such,  
 That it (in justice) may compare with much  
 Admired *Barclay*, or be said to side  
 With Wit-excelling *Buchanan*, (the pride  
 And glorie of thy Nation) 'Twas so known  
 To both the Kingdomes, each would gladly own  
 Thee as their Off-spring, but ours (grieving) must  
 Only be happy to preserve thy dust:  
 Which as if Fame had meant it should inherit  
 The glorie due unto thy living Merit,  
 This unaccustom'd Honour to it brings,  
 To mix with sacred ashes of our Kings.

Good, is in Subjects Kingly, and in thee  
 All Graces strive to make an Unitie  
 Of pious goodnesse; many flames so meet,  
 And curl into one Pyramid, then greet  
 Their subtle Spheare; in *Aytons* equall Brest  
 Dwels all that could for Vertue be exprest.

So that the brightnesse of his Lives just glory  
 Shall shame the Bad, be to the good a Story.

G Vpon



Vpon the Noble Colonell-Generall  
*Burroughs*, slaine at the Isle of *Ree*.

E L E G I E.

**A**Dmired BURROUGHS! though to deck thy Herse  
 Thy Merits challenge a tenth Muses Verse;  
 Though, if thy Valour just reward should have,  
*Mars* should turne Poet, write thy Epitaph:  
 Yet let not thy blest soule (Heroick Spirit)  
 That now in heavens great Armie does inherit  
 The Civick Garland, Laurell, and enjoys  
 More glorious triumphs than the Romish toyes  
 U'd to grace happie Conquests with, despise  
 This, though no Hecatombe, yet a Sacrifice,  
 Which the well-wishes of a bleeding heart  
 Offers as Fun'rall flames to thy desert.

To say thou wert Wise, Valiant, and the rest  
 Of those good Attributes thy Worth exprest  
 T' include in it, were nothing; 'twere more fit  
 That some sweet Genius some *Ovidian* Wit  
 Should studie for new Epithites t' expresse  
 Thee as thou wert then living, that's no lesse  
 Than Master of those Gifts, which here related  
 Would make old Nature proud she had created  
 A work of so much wonder, that pale Death  
 Has lodg'd thee now (Illustrious Soule) beneath  
 A pile of Marble, whose hard entrails weep  
 O're thy cold ashes; and since yron-sleep



Has clos'd thy eye-lids, let thy silent Grave  
Retain with thee this for thy Epitaph:

*Here lies a Colonell, slaine by fatall Shot;  
who lost his Reg'ment, and a Kingdome got.*



Vpon the right Honourable, the  
Lady Elisabeth Rich.

ELEGIE.

**V**Hy looks the day so dull? why does't appear  
As if it were contracted to a Tear?

Or rather had put off essentiall Light,  
To shrowd its Lustre in eternall night?  
The Clouds are drowsie, as they meant to sleep,  
Or rather pregnant (with salt Dew) to weep.  
'Tis past the Morning now, Day needs not powre  
Its precious moysture on each amorous Flowre;  
The Violets want not liquid pearls t' adorne  
Their azure ears, nor from the beauteous Morne  
Does the pale Couflip or the Primrose seek  
A Christall Gemm to hang upon its Cheek;  
Their pride does wither, they hang down their heads;  
As if they would intombe them in their beds.  
The Sun-aspiring Lark under his Wing  
Hanging his head, seems now to sigh, not sing.

What should portend this sadnes? why should mirth  
Seem thus o'th' suddain to bee fled from Earth?

No Comet has appear'd of late, no Star  
With blazing brightnesse threatned Death or War.  
The Cause then of this suddain change must be  
Beyond the reach of wise *Astrologie*.

(My Fancie has't.) This alteration falls  
Only at Beauties, Vertues Funeralls.

These are no common Obsequies, since Shee  
(Illustrious Ladie) is enforc'd to bee  
The Cause of these lamented Rites, by proud  
Imperious Death confin'd into a Shroud:  
Shee that was so superlatively Good,  
Her Vertue was her Honour more than Blood:  
Whose Innocence and Love was all her Care:  
Who was as purely Chast as Shee was Fayre:  
So full of noble Carriage, that her Life  
May be the Figure of a perfect Wife.

Look here you curious Great Ones, here doth ly  
A Glasse for you to dresse your Actions by.  
'Twas not the name of *Candish*, so ally'd  
To Worth, that could in her beget least Pride;  
Nor did shee boast her Title, being led  
A glorious Bride to hopefull Rich his Bed.

*Gentle as Summer Evenings, or as Ayre  
In its first native Puritie; and Faire  
As was the Beams of the Created Light,  
Before it ever had convers'd with Night;  
Humble as Vot'ries, that in Pray'r expire;  
And Chast as those who never knew Desire  
Was this Religious Dame, who nere can die,  
Since her own Fame has writ her Elegie.*

Vpon





Vpon the death of his Sister,  
*Mrs. Priscilla Glapthorne.*

E L E G I E.

**H**appie *Arabians*, when your *Phœnix* dies  
 In a sweet pile of fragrant Spiceries!  
 Out of the Ashes of her Myrrh-burn'd Mother,  
 (That you may still have one) springs up another.  
 Unhappie we! Since 'tis your *Phœnix* nature,  
 Why could nor ours, our only matchlesse Creature  
 Injoy that right? Why from the Mothers Urne  
 Did not another *Phœnix* straight returne?  
 Oh! there's a reason; 'twas cause Natures Store  
 All spent on her, is now become too poore  
 To frame her equall, so that on her Heise  
 My trembling hand shall hang this Fun'rall Verse.

*Vertue and Beautie, none can boast to have,  
 They both are buried in her silent Grave;  
 who was Loves, Truths, Beauties and Vertues Pride;  
 with her Love, Truth, Beautie and Vertue dy'd.*

G;

Vpon



Vpon the death of Mrs. *Susanna*  
*Osbalston.*

*E L E G I E.*

I Pree thee leave me, Grief; if thou wilt stay  
 Within my panting Brest, shew mee the way  
 To present death; or force my eyes to shed  
 So large a flood of Tears, as may bee spred  
 Like a transparent Christall Sheet upon  
 Her Grave, that so no other worthlesse Stone  
 Aspire t' adorne her Monument. Oh Shee!  
 Who was what ev'ry loyall Wife should bee:  
 Shee in whose living Character was writ  
 A modest Sweetnesse cloath'd in harmlesse Wit:  
 Not like those ayrie Dames that only strive  
 To keep their Faces, not their Fames alive:  
 That prey upon their Husbands wealth, consume  
 Whole Sign'ories in Painting and Perfume:  
 That only make an Idoll of their Will,  
 And hate all Good, 'cause they account it Ill.  
 No, shee was pleasing, void of least Offence;  
 Was fully Wise, yet full of Innocence.  
 But oh! how I undoe my selfe! I now  
 Must pull my Lawrell from my wrinkled Brow,

And



And wreath'd in deathfull Cypresse, sadly call  
 My Muse to wait upon her Funerall.  
 Light thy sick Tapers, pensive Muse, and come  
 To wait her Death, and thine owne Martyrdome;  
 For never be invok'd to write (by mee),  
 When hers is writ, another *Elegie*.  
 Now in that silent Tenement of Death,  
 The Church, go sing in a soft Swan-like breath,  
 A *Requiem* to thy memory, and there  
 Drowne ev'ry word thou utter'st with a Teare :  
 But let them be such Tears as may expresse  
 Not Sorrow, but a joyfull Extasis.

And You (dear Sir) in whom there doth survive  
 So much of her, shee needs must rest alive  
 In your yet bleeding memory ; You that know  
 How much each tributarie-Grace did owe  
 To her unmatched Perfections ; how that shee  
 Was Vertues, Beauties just Epitome :  
 How that her Eyes were Sphears in which did move  
 The equall Orbs of Chastitie and Love :  
 Her Cheeks two fields of purity, where grew  
 The Rose and Lillie, mixt i'th' mutuall hue  
 Of Smiles and Blushes ; how each outward part  
 Did speak the richer lustre of her Heart,  
 Her Minds intensive glory. When you think  
 Justly on this, her Grave no more shall drink  
 Your frequent Tears ; but fraught with noble Mirth,  
 You'll soon devest your Soul of all that's Earth  
 About it ; say, 'twas justice to transferre  
 From this dull Region such a matchlesse Starre,  
 And fix't i'th' Christall Heav'n ; you'll then confesse  
 Your constant Love to her appear'd far lesse.

(48)

In Griefe than Joy ; for sorrow spent for this  
Her happinesse, is envie to her blisse,  
Not charitie t<sup>r</sup> her memory; yet my Verse  
Shall hang a lasting Hatchment on her Herse,  
My Lawrell deck her Urne, in which does lie  
As much as of Mortalitie could die.

You Sir, who then best knew her perfect Life,  
Ought to rejoyce, not grieve for your dead Wife.



SYLVIA







# SYLVIA.

## A FRAGMENT.

**A**S DAMON thus did plaine,  
Behold a Cloud (out of the foamy Maine)  
'Gan to arise, and over-looke the Earth,  
Scorning the Sea (from whence it took its birth)  
As dull and pond'rous; still it mounts up higher  
With azure Wings, as if it meant t'aspire,  
Spight of commanding Natures free Consent,  
To place 'bove Ayr the watry Element;  
Whose vain ambition, from his calid Sphear,  
When nimble Fire, the chief and supreme Peere  
Of Elements, beheld; his fervent Ire  
Increas'd his furie, adding Fire to Fire,  
Making him hotter than the eighth degree,  
Which is prescrib'd him by Philosophie;  
And calling to his accident, the Heat  
That by him sate upon a brazen Seat;

H

Which

Which flam'd like *Aetna*, when *Typhæus* breath  
Threatens to blow up the *Sicilian* earth.  
He bad him quell that over-daring Foe,  
Who still made hast to his own overthrow.  
Heat strait obeyd; and wrapping up in Smoke  
His horrid Flames, a speedy passage took  
Into the fierie Regions, and with force  
Of rayes more ardent than the Suns bright Horse  
When they ore-turn'd their Masters purple Carr,  
And drown'd in *Po*, the ventrous Waggoner,  
Drew up the willing Cloud, that striv'd to flie,  
With *Icarus* to its owne Tragedie.

Just as a Load-starre, whose attracting force  
Does cause the Iron leave its native Course,  
And mount to it; so did Heats pow'rful might  
Inforce the following Cloud, till it had quite  
Pass'd the first Kingdome, and was upward gone  
Into the pure Ayrs middle Region;  
Then back with speed, the Heat gan homeward fare  
And left the Cloud to th' mercy of the Ayre;  
Whose subtle bodie being light and drie,  
Could not indure the Clouds moist qualitie.  
(Clouds and all heavie Meteors, Rain, and Snow,  
Haile, and the like, are Bodies mixt, that grow  
Out of the Earth, and watry Element,  
Which by their nature pond'rous, still are bent  
Down to the Center, but the Ayre and Fire  
Of more pure substance, seek to force them higher  
Towards the Sphear, that in their downfall thence  
They may triumph, and shew their Eminence  
Over those duller bodies; but the natures  
Of these two grosse, yet fully simple Creatures

Will



Will not permit ascension, they attack  
 Therefore these Meteors upwards, which compact  
 Of humid Vapours, needs must seek to bow  
 Downwards again): Our Cloud then which was now  
 Left by its hot Conductor, straight was cast  
 By the enraged Ayre with greater hast,  
 To kisse the Center (than a *Parthian* Bow  
 Can shoot an Arrow, or a Morter throw  
 Deathfull Granado's) in its way it strook  
 Upon the Firmament, and there b'ing broke,  
 Its wat'ry substance did obscure the Plaine  
 And gawdie Heaven with Clouds, which sought again  
 To joyn in one, and fill the buxome Ayre,  
 Just as you've seen a Painter on a faire  
 White Table drop some little spots of Black,  
 Which running here and there, at length does make  
 One Colour in the Growned-work; or as when  
 Two num'rous Hosts of wel-resolved men  
 Meet in the Field, and with the murd'rous Smoak  
 Of their Death-sending Muskets, strive to choak  
 Their bloody facts from view of lightsome day,  
 The Sulphure flying many a sev'ral way,  
 At last does meer, and dam the Christall Sky:  
 So did this Cloud, now many, by and by  
 One Cloud agen; which when the Rose-check'd Sun  
 (Who had but halfe his daily labour run)  
 Saw from his shining Chariot, on hee speeds,  
 Driving amain his Nectar-glutted Sreeds  
 Through the dark Welkin, now he gins to call  
 On *Pieris*, now on *Aethon*, then lets fall  
 His angry Whip upon their sweaty backs,  
 Now pulls the Raines hard, which again he flacks,

*Sylvia.*

That they might have more free and open Course  
 To expell the Cloud, which scorning the Suns force,  
 With pitchie mists did so obscure his light,  
 That day seem'd turn'd into *Cimmerian* Night.  
 Then straight the Cloud out of its watric Store  
 Show'd as if godly *Pyrrhus* age once more  
 Had been approaching, when blew *Proetus* drave  
 His flocks to see the Mountains, Fishes clave  
 Unto the Elmes, before a noted fear  
 For harmlesse Turtles. All the Winds did meet  
 In hostile opposition; *Auster* fought  
 With *Lybs*, and he with *Boreas*, who from out  
 His rapid throat cast gusts, and did display  
 His wings as wide, as when *Orythia*  
 Was by him raviht: Thunder from the Skie  
 Like to lowd musick, made a Harmonie:  
 With the Winds whistling shrillnesse, Seas did roare  
 Rising in frothie Mountains, that the Shore  
 Trembled for feare, lest the impetuous Waves  
 Should passe their Limits, and become the Graves.  
 To the adjoyning Meadowes: And our Swaine  
*Damon*, who erst in Tears began to plaine  
 His *Kala's* losse, now let that salt dew fall,  
 To solemnize his poor Flocks Funerall.  
 For loe big-swalling with the late-falne Raine  
*Tyber* broke ore his Banks, and ran amaine  
 Into the Meadowes, where our Shepheards kept  
 Their Woolly Charge, which presently was swept  
 Down by the greedy River, as wee see  
 A Towne beleagur'd by its Enemy,  
 When by an on-slaught 'tis surpriz'd and tane,  
 Both old and young are by the Martiall Train.



Of the Victorious Souldiers murthered: so  
Dealt the enraged River; to and fro  
It ran, and bore down all; the tender Lambs  
That then were sucking of their milkie Dams,  
Ere they could waile their deaths with one sad bleat,  
Were swallow'd up, yet hanging on the Tear.  
Nor did the Flocks horn'd-Leaders brazen Bell  
Serve him for ought, unlesse to ring a knell  
To the Folds drowning: 'twas in vain to strive,  
For the poor Shepheards now to save alive  
Themselves was all their studie; to a Wood,  
Whose top had long a mark to Sea-men stood,  
They trembling fled, when straight the Cloudy Skie  
'Gant to cleer up, and *Phæbus* lightsomely  
Agen to shine; the Muses of this Grove  
To chaunt their sylvan Madrigalls, and move  
The Stones to listen, and the loftie Trees  
To bow their dewie heads; the busie Bees  
Leaving the hollow Oaks which the late Rain  
Had forc'd 'em enter, now began again  
Their little thighs with juyce of Thyme to fill;  
But the amazed Shepheards trembling still,  
Could scarce give credit to their wondring eyes,  
(Such pow'r has feare if throughly it surprize  
Our soule and senses) they beheld the Wood  
As't had been water, thought each plash a flood;  
And every drop that from the boughs did fall  
They thought a tear shed for their Funerall.  
In this amazement standing; to their sight  
An object was presented, naked quite,  
Save that her snowie Smock did compasse in  
Its white embraces, her far whiter Skin.

They saw bound to an Oak so rare a Creature,  
As seem'd to be the work on which old Nature  
Had spent her best Materialls.

Not *Cythera*, when shee naked rose  
From the Seas wat'ry bosome, did disclose  
Halfe of her Beauties; nor the nimble Maid,  
To whose swift Feet so many Suitors paid  
Their heads as tribute; nor the Wood-nymphs Queen  
When shee was bathing by *Acleon* leen,  
Show'd like to her; by whom *Pigmalion* might  
Have tane a Pattern, and have fram'd a right  
Modell of Beautie: her attractive Haire,  
Bright as the Sun-beams, drew th' inamour'd Ay  
Gently to waite it, and her Pearls of Sight,  
Though drown'd in Tears, cast forth a glitt'ring light;  
That through dark Sorrow shin'd, the winged Boy  
Leaving his Mothers Fountains, came to enjoy  
Those Chrystal Wells, whose pure drops could redresse  
Sooner than Nectar, hot Loves thirstinesse.  
The Naiades, and tripping Fairie Elves  
Repin'd to see in their owne Woods, themselves  
So farre surpass'd in Beautie; and the Grove  
Thinking it had been *Sylvanus* fairest Love,  
Brought thither all his Off-spring, with pretence  
To doe his Gods belov'd Nymph reverence.  
First did the Thorne most amorously begin  
To twine about her, yet nere prick'd her skin;  
Then aged Palmes, and Victor-crowning Bayes  
Halfe-withered (at her Eyes all-quickning Rayes)  
Came and renew'd their freshnesse; and the Yew  
Unkind to wearie Passengers, at view



Of her, lost all his poyson; and the Tree  
Whence *Venus* Minion in his Infancie  
Was by the Wood-nymph taken, did presume  
To borrow sweetnesse from her breaths perfume;  
Here did the Cedar meet the stately Pine,  
And it the Cypresse, seeking to intwine  
Their bushie tops, which Arbour-wife did run  
To shade her Face, and robb the am'rous Sun  
Of his desired Kisses; all the Wood  
At view of her, as much amazed stood,  
As when the *Oegrin* Harpists cunning hand  
Gave life to Mountains, forc'd *Panchaya* stand  
Shaking her Balmie Tresses. Had the deep  
Sighs shee expir'd not shew'd what life did keep  
In her a happie residence, the Swaines  
Would have imagin'd that her azure Veines,  
Her Iv'rie Neck, and swelling Breasts, the rest  
Of her Dimensions, not to be exprest,  
T'have been *Diana's* Statue, there erected  
To be ador'd; but when they had respected  
Her sighs, and saw her living as sh' ad been  
Some Sylvan Goddesse, or the Nymph whose green  
Scepter commands the Forrests; they ask'd grace  
For offering entrance to that sacred place.  
The bashfull Virgin, from her weeping eyes  
Shot glitt'ring Rayes hot Loves Incendiaries,  
Teaching Daies Tapor a more glorious Shine  
Than Diamonds give to Jet, when they intwine,  
At them the frozen Waggoner might thaw  
His Chariot axeld with congealed Snow;  
And the slow moving North Star having felt  
Their temperate heat, his Icles would melt,

And!

And being affrighted at the sight of men,  
 Call'd up the blood into her Cheeks agen  
 Which fear had made depart thence; blushing red,  
 As does *Aurora* when shee leaves the Bed  
 Of old *Tythonius*; faine she would have got  
 Into the Wood, rooke *Daphne* from the hot  
 Pursuit of lustfull *Cynthus*; the Oak  
 She oft besought to lend its Bark to cloak  
 Her from their view, but when she saw how vain  
 Her wishes were, shee then began again  
 To beat her Breasts, and from her radiant eyes  
 To send a showre, whose drops were of more price  
 Than those which conquer'd *Danae*: As shee thought  
 With plaints and grievous sighs to have besought  
 The Shepheards to unbind her; from the thick  
 Of the green Wood, came running toward her, quick  
 As some *Numidian* Lyon from his Den,  
 (Half-starv'd with hunger) to his prey, three men  
 Three Monsters rather, clad in Weeds of haire,  
 Save that their Legs, and Armes, and Necks all bare,  
 Look'd rougher than their Garments; to the Maid  
 Then bent their cruell steps, who humbly praid  
 The Heavens for pitie; on the Villains went  
 Towards the Oak with a most damn'd intent  
 To ravish her; the Trees that by her stood  
 Began lament; the light Nymphs of the Wood  
 Implor'd the chaste *Diana* to defend  
 Her wretched Votresse; and the Birds did rend  
 The Ayre with dismall screeches; *Phylomell*  
 In mourning accents fram'd her voice to tell  
 The Vengeance due to Ravishers: the Fire  
 That burn'd their entrails, blown by foul desire,



Made their eyes sparkle, yeelding horrid light  
 Unto the ir face, whose blacknesse did affright  
 The blushing Sun, who bid his golden head  
 And seem'd to suffer an Eclipse through dread  
 Of that dark deed; and now they did begin  
 With sacrilegious hands to touch that skin,  
 Which soft as *Lydian* Silk, did even intice  
 Love there to build his choicest Paradise.  
 When the enraged Shepheards, who beheld  
 Their monstrous purpose, with stern fury filld,  
 Ran to her succour; as a Bear, whose young  
 Is stolne away, or as a Wolfe among  
 A flock of Sheep, when by the Pastors care  
 Hee's hindred of his prey; just so did fare  
 The disappointed Lethers; and with cries  
 Whose hideous sound lent thunder to the skies,  
 They rush'd upon the Shepheards, who prepar'd  
 For all encounters, stood upon their guard,  
 And with their hooks, which sometimes us'd to catch  
 The tender Lambs and bleating Ewes, they watch  
 To meet their blows, and strength with strength repel;  
 All strook together, yet not one blow fell  
 In vain to th' ground; the sweat and purple blood  
 That trickled from them, dim'd their fights, yet stood  
 The fight in equall ballance; now the Swaines,  
 And then the Wood-men had the odds; their paines  
 Seem'd not to make 'em wearie; these did fight  
 Spur'd on by lust, and these in justice right.  
 Now gan they grapple, and with all their force  
 Striv'd to orethrow each other; no remorse  
 Of their own harms, could move their angrie minds  
 To come to pley: furie when it blinds

Our soules, is such a passion; not the rage  
 Of hungrie Indian Lyons, when they wage  
 With rav'nous Leopards battell for their prey,  
 Was like to theirs; fierce Bears and Tygers may  
 Be held as mild; the *Brittish* Mastiffes fight  
 With his courageous *Irish* opposite;  
 The Dragon arm'd with plates of strongest Mase,  
 Against *Ioves* Bird; the Sword-fish and the Whale  
 Were models of this combate; till at length,  
 Might overcame, Vertue gave place to Strength;  
 The Shepheards breathlesse were; their angrie foes  
 Wax'd more courageous, and did seek to close  
 With their half-vanquish'd enemies; as a Steed  
 Who having run with over-hastie speed  
 Most of his Race, does ere it fully end,  
 Tire; so the Shepheards who did rashly spend  
 Their spirits at the entrance of the Fray,  
 Ere it was done, had none to spend, yet they  
 With courage held the Fight up, till by force  
 Mastred, they fell, each with a wounded Corse  
 Striking the earth now when they could no more  
 Strike their inhumane foes. The savage Bore  
 That in revenge wrathfull *Dithyrsa* sent  
 To spoile the *Chalcedonian* Continent,  
 When he had drawn the valiant *Dardans* blood,  
 Could not triumph more; they insulting stood  
 Like to so many *Goshawks* ore their prey,  
 Ore the poor *Swains*; what then could *Sylvia*,  
 (So hight the Nymph) expect, but present death,  
 Or ravishment. Which to prevent, her breath  
 She sought to stop with her gold tressell haire,  
 But when it came into her lips, it there

Amorously



Amorously hung, spight of her force, to Tuck  
 Myriads of melting kisses; see the luck  
 Heavens had ordain'd to save her; with her cries  
 And with the late fought Combats Ecchoing noise,  
 Drawn to the place, arriv'd an armed Knight,  
 Who to avoid the fearfull tempests might,  
 Had tane the Woods for shelter, just as they  
 With barbarous outcries were about to slay  
 The honest Shepheards, whom when he did view  
 In that apparant perill, straight he flew  
 Upon the lustful butchers, and his Sword  
 Dealt deathfull dole amongst 'em; they afford  
 Him blowes for blowes, and dangerous fight maintain  
 Till his strong hand victoriously had slain  
 The fiercest of them; then the other paire,  
 Like to a stone that through the subtle Ayre  
 Flies from a forcing sling, so fast they fled  
 Into the Wood; the Shepheards almost dead  
 With wounds and bruises, joyfully did rise  
 To thank their Saviour, who had cast his eyes  
 Up to the Tree where lovely *Sylvia* stood,  
 Bound like the *Tyrian* Damsell when the flood  
 Sent up a Whale to eat her. This strange sight  
 So full of wonder, filld the courteous Knight  
 With admiration, and desire to know,  
 Both who shee was, and who had us'd her so.  
 And hasting forward to the holy tree,  
 He gently went to loose her bands; but shee  
 Who in the *Idea* of her frighted thought  
 Saw nothing but her foes, imagin'd nought  
 But present Rape, gave up her Virgin breath  
 From whence shee had it, and enrich'd foul Death

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With the most precious flavout: not the Boy  
 Now turn'd a Flow'r whom *Phaebus* did destroy  
 With his Sledg-casting; nor *Orithia's* faire  
 Sister, sweet *Procris*, whom the name of *Ayre*  
 Brought to her ruine; nor *Ioves* beam-burn'd Love  
 In death appear'd so amorous. As a Dove  
 Truf'd by a Falcon gently takes the stroke  
 Of Death; so did shee. The broad spreading Oak  
 Erst proud of its faire Captive, sadly now  
 Began lament, and mournfully to bow  
 His aged head, to kisse her liveliest Corse;  
 The Wood-nymphs mournfull plaints did even en-  
 The neighb'ring Rocks to weep; out Shepheards tears  
 Watred the earth: in her sad death, appears  
 His *Kala's* losse to *Damon*, so that hee  
 Wept both for hers, and *Kala's* Tragedie.  
 But all their woes were nothing to the plight  
 Of sorrow seizing on the gentle Knight,  
 When hee beheld her perish; that his griefe  
 Made him forget to tender quick reliefe  
 Unto her fainting; yet at last he ran  
 Unto a neighb'ring fountaine, and began  
 To catch the glyding water, which did meet  
 His labouring hands; thence leapt into her sweet  
 Though dying face, shee only in a swoond;  
 And not quite dead; the saving water found  
 Means to recure her, (for tis sure the nature  
 Of suddain traunces, which possesse a Creature  
 Only when Feare does call from every part  
 The lively blood to aid the fainting heart,  
 Agen to vanish, when the blood is call'd  
 By some quick motion to the parts appall'd



For want of it;) Shee therefore in this guise  
Handled, unseald (forthwith) her death-clofd eyes.  
As the transplendent Guider of the Day  
Obscur'd by clouds, more brightly does display,  
When h'arth overcome them, his all-piercing light;  
So did the blazing Comets of her sight  
Dart now more lucid clearnesse, every beame  
Of it deserving to have been a Theame  
For all the Poets. Not the Cyprian Rose  
Or silver Lillie, what can we suppose,  
Was like her Cheeks; Hyperbolies must needs  
Fail to expresse that which in selfe exceeds  
All Metaphors: in them the blushing Red  
Striv'd to appeare, and back unwilling fled  
To give that place to the more pow'rfull White:  
Judge but what fulnesse of sincere delight  
Rapt the late fearfull Knight when he did see  
Her liveagen; hee hasted to the tree,  
And kindly chear'd her tim'rous heart; the Maid  
Could scarce beleve her ears or eyes, which paid  
Joy a most welcome tribute; to unbind  
Her cords hee hasted, while the mossie rind  
Of the broad spreading tree did strive to cleave  
To her fair skin, as if 't had rather leave  
Its mother Oak than her; beneath the shade  
Of a thick Fig-tree she before had laid  
Her light silk garments, which the Shepheards brought  
To cloath her with; the loving vestures sought  
To flie unto her bodie; soon as shee  
Had put them on, with blushing modestie  
Shee thank'd the noble Champion and the Swains,  
Who for her sake had undergone such pains

As merited requitall ; but a look  
 From her sweet self both Knight and Shepheards took  
 As a reward sufficient ; they would faine  
 Have ask'd her name, but durst not ; how shee came  
 To be distrest so ; but lest shee should chance  
 With thought of it to fall into a Trance  
 Agen, they would not crave 't ; She humbly prayed  
 The Knight and Shepheards, she might be conveyd  
 By them home to her Fathers house, that stood  
 Under the covert of that lucklesse Wood  
 Where shee had run such danger : Straight way they  
 Leaving the cursed Villaines corps a prey  
 To meager Wolves, the leavie Grove forsook ;  
 Shee being their Guid, a beaten Path they took  
 Into a Meadow, where the Flowers did strive  
 With eager motion, which should first revive  
 From their late drowning, that they so might meet  
 With dewie lips the beauteous Virgins feet.

*Cetera desunt.*

**FINIS.**



